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A. G. WYNKOOP, Real Estate Agent, Woodstock, Va.  
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The only Real Estate Agency in Shenandoah county. May 15-16-17.

L. TRIPLETT, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Commissioner in Chancery, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, MOUNT JACKSON, VIRGINIA, May 21-22-23-24.

JAMES C. BAKER, JR., HARTON & BOYD, Practise law in partnership in the counties of Shenandoah and Page. The personal attention of each member of the firm will be given to the cases entrusted to them.  
Office in Court House Building, Woodstock, Va.  
Address: JAMES C. BAKER, JR., May 21-22-23-24.

H. RIDDLEBERGER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, Will practise in the courts of Shenandoah, the Circuit Court of the 11th Circuit and in the United States District and Circuit Courts at Harpersburg.  
Office in Court House Building on same floor with HERALD.

W. D. L. BORUM, Successor to Danbridge & Borum, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WOODSTOCK, VA., Will practise in Shenandoah and adjoining counties.  
Office in Court House Building, May 21-22-23-24.

A. LLEN & MAGRUDER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WOODSTOCK, SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA., May 15-16-17.

JOHN E. ROLLER, W. W. LOGAN, HARRISONBURG, VA., ROLLER & LOGAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, Office in Barber Building.  
Practise in all the courts of Shenandoah county, and the Court of Appeals at Staunton. Either member of the firm can be addressed as above. (Full May '87).

A. S. H. WILLIAMS, WM. T. WILLIAMS, WILLIAMS & BROTHERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WOODSTOCK, VA., Practise in the Courts of Shenandoah, Rockingham, Page, Frederick and Warren counties; also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia and in the U. S. District Court.  
Special attention given to the collection of claims. (May 15-16-17).

A. G. WYNKOOP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Will practise in the County of Shenandoah and adjoining counties.  
Special attention given to the collection of claims and all legal business entrusted to him.  
Will be at Mt. Jackson on Friday and Saturday, before the 22nd Tuesday of each month at Dr. L. H. Jordan's office. May 15-16-17.

DR. B. F. MAPHIS & BRO., Dentists, Office: Woodstock and Shenandoah, Virginia. In Woodstock 1st and 3rd streets each week. In Shenandoah 2nd and 4th weeks. Those in need of first-class dentistry at moderate prices, will do well to call. Full sets of artificial teeth from \$10.00 to \$17.00, \$25.00 and \$50.00.  
Artificial teeth put up on solid gold, gold and celluloid combination, celluloid and rubber plates.  
Gold and porcelain riveting, clasps, etc. Special attention given to filling and preserving the natural teeth. Extracting and extracting the irregularities. All work warranted first class. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. The use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. May 15-16-17.

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E. J. MILLER & CO., Importers and Jobbers of China, Glass & Queensware, No. 65 King street, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, Have in original Packages a specialty. Rev. 20-21-22.

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LADIES' JERSEY JACKETS, White Goods, Laces, Ruffings, Handkerchiefs and Neck Wear, Ribbons, Silks, Straw Goods, Velvets. We have the largest lot of Millinery in the United States. L-14 Aug.

# Shenandoah



# Herald

WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1888.

NO. 32.

SHENANDOAH HERALD

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Quarter "	25.00
One square one year,	15.00
One square six months,	8.00
Local Notices per line over 100,	5.00
" " " " " " " "	2.00
Legal ads. 2 squares (4 w.),	1.00
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Square in leg. notices and local in each	1.00
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Number of insertions must be marked on manuscript or they will be charged until notified.	
No local notices inserted for less than 25c	

VOL. 68.

THE CANOE.

On the great streams the ships may go About men's business to and fro, But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep On crystal waters ankle deep; I, whose diminutive design, Of sweetest cedar, pithier pine, Is fashioned on so frail a mold A hand may launch, a hand withhold.

I, the unannexed, inviolate, Green rustic river navigate, My dipping paddle scarcely shakes The berry in the bramble brakes.

Still forth on my green way I wind Beside the cottage garden end, And by the nestled angler fare, And take the lovers unaware.

By willow, wood, and water wheel Speedily fleets my touching keel; By all retired and shady spots, Where proper dim forget-me-nots.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

MONK'S ELECTION.

A trying interview it had been, and the young man looked crestfallen enough as he emerged from the library door, closing it softly after him. As he did so he glanced after him a little sheepishly about him, but he had not to look far; for even as he stood there gloomy and irresolute there was a whirl of delicate draperies and a patter of slippers on the marble floor of the hallway.

A young girl stood behind him and, as she nestled close and placed a fairy-like hand confidently in one of his big, strong ones, her two dancing eyes voiced the query that her lips refused to utter.

"It's no use, Adele," he announced mournfully. "I've talked to your father until I am tired. I talked in the most reasonable, practical strain you have any idea of. I told him I wanted nothing on earth but a pledge from you, and his sanction to that pledge, with the proviso that if in ten years I am not able to come to him and demand you as my right I am to relinquish all claim to you. He not only denied this, but said it would be best, now that matters have gone this far, that I see you less frequently; it would be easier to bear that way, he said. Only fancy, Adele, he says I must not see you oftener than once a month!"

"Preposterous!" murmured the girl, nestling still closer. "But what else passed then, Albert?" "Well, I spoke of my prospects. I told him I had hopes of building up a good practice in a year—that I had lots of clients now, and would soon have more. Then he remarked that he despised ministers and lawyers, anyway. That made me angry, which I am afraid did not mend matters. But I couldn't help it; and told him that for a man of his years, and for a politician, he had less sense than any man I knew."

"Oh, Albert, how could you?" was the frightened response; "and what did he say then?" "Well," rejoined the young man darkly, "he told me he didn't believe I could see you at all. He muttered something under his breath that sounded like 'sister,' and I had to go."

The young people separated a few moments later, with renewed pledges of fidelity. It may or may not have been that the young man's departure was accelerated by the sound of heavy footsteps crossing the room he had lately quitted.

Col. Monk, or rather Congressman Monk, for he was a member of the house, was a politician from the top of his polished head to the soles of his gaiters. The one object, outside of the political arena, upon which his care and attention was lavished, was his motherless daughter Adele. He had watched her childhood with care and devotion and was now as proud of her, in her delicate 18-year beauty, as is usual with doting American fathers of the period.

He had denied her nothing, until now; but he could not bring himself to give her to this struggling young lawyer, Albert Blake, and so upset at a blow his vague but fondly-cherished dreams of a much-prosperous alliance. He liked the young man extremely, much better than he did the shallow-pated sons of his wealthy neighbors clustered about his daughter. But have Adele Albert should not; this much he was resolved on—unless the next year witnessed some mighty and unlooked-for alteration in the young man's prospects.

The weeks went by rather monotonously, young Blake adhering religiously to a resolution, formed directly after leaving Adele the last time, not to seek her presence until some sort of a reconciliation had been patched up with her father. Taking him all in all, he was a rather honorable young fellow and preferred causing himself and his sweetheart a pang of regret to so doing anything he would have been ashamed to have the colonel discover. He worked hard—very hard—and had the daily satisfaction of noticing an increase in his clientele that evidenced an eventual prosperity. So assiduously did he devote himself to his practice that he almost forgot to worry about his love affair.

But this could not last. Of course it could not. After a day of excessively hard work he was broadening over his office fire in a frame of

mind the gloom of which was not a little enhanced by the perusal of a certain article in the evening paper. The article in question dwelt at some length on the reelection of Col. Monk to congress, he having received the unanimous re-nomination at the hands of his party some five weeks previously. The writer, after commenting with great fluency on the ease of the victory that lay before the colonel, had proceeded to congratulate Washington society on its prospect of enjoying the presence of the charming and accomplished Miss Monk for the forth-coming season. This brought a very morose train of reflection with it. Mr. Blake dashed the paper into the grate with an exceedingly forcible ejaculation, and then proceeded to elapse into another brown study.

He had sat this way without stirring a muscle for nearly an hour, brow overcast, and eyes half closed, when, like an inspiration, there flashed across his face a gleam that spoke of the brightest kind of a hope. He sprang to his feet with a smothered "Eureka," moved over to his desk and indited a note to Adele. It he bade her in gentle, respectful terms to take courage—that the last day or so had brought him an idea that might prove of benefit to both of them.

Col. Monk was engrossed in his canvass. The campaign had proved considerably more exciting than anyone had expected. The colonel was heart and soul in the fight; he was like old war horse, and when his adversary challenged him to a joint debate in the open air, in the presence of 8,000 voters, he fairly snorted with delight. The date set for this interesting verbal combat was the day before the election, and, of course, the result of the debate would be the result of the fight itself.

Consequently Col. Monk was not a little alarmed to receive a mandate from the criminal court of the county, conched in that very same day in the case of the State vs. Black. After some reflection the colonel remembered that this man Black, who was now in trouble through a little liberty taken with a neighboring squire's horse and a buggy, had formerly been employed about his own house. But, as his summons came from the defense, the colonel was a little mystified, as he distinctly remembered having kicked Mr. Black all over the lawn and out of his front gate for making too free with his chicken-coop.

At 9 o'clock on the appointed day the colonel was at the courtroom. His appointment was at a neighboring village five miles away, and he knew he had lots of time. He was greeted cordially by Mr. Blake, who apologized for the necessity of putting him to such trouble, but assured him he relied on his testimony to secure the acquittal of his client.

"Acquittal?" spluttered the colonel, astounded. "Why, man, if you put me on the stand, nothing in the world can save him!" "Well, colonel, we shall see," responded the young lawyer, politely. "But in the meantime, I'm going to see if I can't get this case postponed, because I know you want to get away."

The colonel was profuse in his thanks, and sat mopping his brow feverishly, while Albert made his plea for delay. The colonel's anxiety was not soothed by the advent of a boy with a message from his master's C. ceremonies to the effect that the crowds were already assembling, and bidding him for heaven's sake to hurry up.

Now, Mr. Blake was nothing if not crafty. He was thoroughly aware of the state's attorney's propensity for fighting just such motions as the one he was now making, and the sequel proved that he had judged his man rightly. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the state's attorney was on his feet with a stern demand that the trial proceed. The court coincided with this view, and so decided.

As the first witness for the state took the stand Col. Monk called Mr. Blake over to him and told him that he positively must be excused. Another message reached him at this moment. It said: "What the devil are you doing? Another hour will ruin you. B— is here on the grounds making friends by the score."

"You see," said the colonel nervously, "I positively must get away. My chances of election depend upon my staying, and here you stay."

Then the colonel, like many a better man had done before him, lost his temper. "I'll see you d— first!" he retorted. "I'll get out of here if it costs me \$1,000."

Without a word Mr. Blake sprang past him and barred his progress to the door. Then he turned and addressed the court. "May your honor please," said he, "there is a witness here whose testimony is of vital importance to my client's

case, and without whom it will be impossible to proceed. He must either be made to remain or your honor must grant my request for an adjournment."

Now had the colonel, like a prudent man condescended to explain matters, the judge, who knew him well, would have probably adjourned court, if only out of deference to him. Col. Monk was past all meekness now. The perspiration was pouring from his forehead. His eyes were bloodshot and his voice very hoarse.

"I will not stay here!" he roared. "There is no power that can make me. It's a put-up job! It's a swindle! Ah, damme!" and the colonel made for the door again. Unfortunately enough the judge happened to be of the other party, whom Col. Monk had beaten over-whelmingly at the polls two years before. It would be unfair to suppose that this fact exercised any influence on his present line of conduct. But, anyhow, he grew very red in the face, arose from his seat, promptly fined Col. Monk \$50, and ordered a bailiff to see that he did not leave court until the fine was paid and he had given his testimony.

The colonel subsided into a seat with a despairing groan, and for half an hour listened in a dazed sort of a way to the dreary cross-examining of the first witness by Mr. Blake. When he had finished and the second witness for the prosecution had appeared, Col. Monk again beckoned Mr. Blake over to him and engaged him in earnest conversation. At the end of five minutes the young lawyer stooped down and whispered in his ear: "Col. Monk, nothing save your unconditional consent to my marriage with your daughter can get you out of this courtroom before one o'clock."

The colonel gave a great gasp. He was due on the platform at one precisely. The hands of the clock now pointed to 12:20, and it was a five-mile ride to the far grounds. Again groaning in anguish of spirit the unhappy man broke the seal of another envelope, a messenger boy brought him. It read: "I have about given up hope. The people say you are afraid. B—'s admirers have taken the horses from his carriage, and are dragging him about the grounds."

Perhaps at that instant a vision of a star-struck little face that bid him good-bye that morning rose before the colonel, because he dashed his hand across his face and muttered: "Curse your ingenuity; yes, I'll consent; there's my hand upon it." He walked rapidly over to the clerk of the court, handed him \$50 and apologized to the judge for his display of temper.

At the same instant Mr. Blake informed the court of a sudden discovery on his part that the colonel's testimony would not be needed. Whereupon the judge magnanimously forgave Col. Monk, remitted the fine, and permitted him to depart, which he did with a rapidity that took the bailiff's breath away. No one seemed a bit surprised when Mr. Blake suddenly concluded to switch about and plead guilty, submitting with great grace to a sentence of six months, imprisonment, which, in view of the heinousness of his offense, was exceedingly moderate.

Col. Monk was elected the following day by 1,463 majority—Adele and Albert were sitting side by side on a sofa in the library as he came in from the balcony, where he had just been addressing a few thousand triumphant voters. It was to be feared that the colonel had for this once departed somewhat from his wonted abstemiousness, because he swayed almost imperceptibly from side to side as he regarded the guilty pair, murmuring: "You're a very smart fellow, Albert; you ought to go into politics, me boy; you ought, really."—*Milwaukee Local.*

John Neeson, of Buffalo, N. Y., a lifelong Democrat, vice-president of the Emerald Society, has gone back on Cleveland and jumped the track entirely. He said: "I am a Democrat, as I always have been, but I'm not for Cleveland this time. The trouble with Cleveland is he is not a Democrat enough for me. That's my first reason—Cleveland is not a Democrat. Secondly, I don't believe in free trade. I think this country needs more rather than less Protection to its industries. I say there's no Irish man with a drop of good Irish blood in his veins who'll vote for this man Cleveland. Yes, I wear a Harrison and Morton badge."

Personnel.  
Mr. N. H. Frohneisen, of Mobile, Ala., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Cough. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend."  
Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at B. Schmidt's drug store.

That's Why.  
Broad street dame (waking from sleep as the clock strikes 11 p. m.) "Mercy me! I have been down stairs reading all this time!"  
Husband—"I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave."  
"Remember, my dear, that you were young once yourself."  
"I remember. That's why I watch him."—*Philadelphia Record.*  
If you want to be well informed, take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I knew by the way Mr. Bowser looked across the supper table at me that he had something to propose, and I also felt certain that his proposition was mixed up with the glorious Fourth. Pretty soon he said:

"We are to go on a steamboat excursion to Harsen's Island on the Fourth."  
"Please don't. We can enjoy ourselves far better right here at home."  
"Mrs. Bowser, our forefathers fought, bled and died that we might be a free people."  
"Yes."

"It is a time when every patriot should show his colors. I propose to go off with a select few and have a good time."  
"But nothing is select on the Fourth."  
"I don't believe you care two cents whether we are slaves or freemen!" he hotly exclaimed.  
"Yes, I do."

"Then get ready for the excursion. Only a select few are going. We shall have a nice, cool ride, a basket-lunch on the island, and return in time for the fireworks in the evening."  
"But if anything happens you'll lay it to me."  
"Anything happen? Lay it to you? Mrs. Bowser, do you know who you are talking to?"  
"But you'll say I dragged you off, and that it was all my fault."

"I will, eh? Very well. You and our well-learned infant can stay right here! I'm going on the excursion!"  
I yielded the point after awhile, as a wife always does, and the excursion was agreed upon. We were ready and on time, and it did seem as if we were certain of enjoying ourselves until we got to the boat. Then Mr. Bowser's "select few" turned out to be a mob of 400 people of all sorts sizes and colors, and we had scarcely found seats when a man came up, slapped him familiarly on the back and called out:

"Hello! old rutabaga, did you bring your lung-pod along?"  
Mr. Bowser turned very red and then very white, and I had to talk to him. I told him that this one loafer had slipped in by accident, and that no one should notice him. He must remember Washington, Paul Jones, Putnam, and the host of other patriots, and let nothing vex him.

When the boat finally got away it was loaded down, and everybody was smoking cheap cigars and feeling good-natured. Even the dozen fellows who had had their heads punched or their eyes blacked while waiting seemed to forget it as patriotism bubbled up. I was looking around for the "select few" when a young man who didn't die at Bunker Hill, because he wasn't old enough, crowded along to us and said to Mr. Bowser:

"Shay, ole man, we licked 'em, didn't we?"  
Mr. Bowser turned red, but I touched him with my foot.  
Shay, ole man, give us a little F-o-rth Shuly speech, will you? continued the patriot.  
Mr. Bowser turned white, but I got him by the elbow.  
"Sho you won't speech, eh?"  
"You're an old Tory, you are! I'll git 'er boys and pitch you overboard, I will!"

I had to talk to Mr. Bowser. I had to tell him how Washington suffered at Valley Forge—how the true patriots of the Revolution starved and hungered—how we fought on until victory came at last, and by and by I quieted him down. He had just got his patriotism back when a middle-aged man, who had always felt a little sorry that he didn't see Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown, came along and chuckled me under the chin and said:

"Shay, sis, got yer fella' long?"  
"Cause if yer got yer fella' long I kin kick him in two mizen by er watch! Hoorry! I'm forefazeer, I am! I shed'er blood, I did!"  
I held a conversation with Mr. Bowser. It was about how he whipped the British and gained our independence, and why, for that reason, every true patriot should go off on a Fourth of July excursion and have a good time, and he was in pretty good humor when the boat landed. Circumstances were against me, however. We had scarcely got seated in the shade when Mr. Bowser discovered that someone had changed lunch baskets with us. The one we had contained only two sandwiches and a euche-dee-when he made this discovery he turned on me with,

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"Yes."

Statesmen who Taught School.

From the N. Y. Mail and Express.

"Many of the most eminent statesmen of the day began life as teachers," said Speaker Carlisle in an address not long ago, delivered at a convention of school teachers in Kentucky. The Speaker did not give instances, but there are plenty of them to show that his assertion was well founded. Indeed, the school rostrum has of late years more than once been the stepping-stone to the White House. It is true that Gen. Harrison does not belong to that category, but the last two Republican Presidents did, as does President Cleveland. Many of the most prominent political leaders of the day began life in the same way. Speaker Carlisle taught school for four years while preparing himself for the bar. His appearance to day is that of a typical professor. He declared recently that the happiest day of his life was that on which he walked into Covington, Ky., after fifteen miles of rough tramping, to get his teacher's certificate.

The Hon. James G. Blaine was graduated at the age of eighteen years, and took up the birch almost immediately afterward. He succeeded as a teacher, just as he has succeeded as a statesman, author, and financier. During the last presidential canvass a friend asked him, playfully, how he acquired all his personal magnetism. "I believe," he replied, laughing, "that the necessity of controlling Kentucky urchins in my teaching days brought to the surface the so-called magnetism, and which might have otherwise lain forever dormant." Mr. Blaine has more than once, in addresses before colleges, said that he attributed his earlier successes in public life to the patience and self-control he acquired at the Kentucky school.

Congressman S. C. Cox, of New York, tried to pound knowledge into the heads of young Buckeyes, in Ohio, before he entered public life. His versatility was not equal to Mr. Blaine's, however, and, although he has been a success as a legislator and in literature, he was a dismal failure as a teacher. His career as a pedagogue is said to have come to an untimely end. There is a legend that he resigned at the urgent request of all the school trustees, backed by almost every taxpayer of the village where he taught. Still, with his customary geniality, he delivered a touching farewell address at parting, begging that the villagers should not inordinately mourn his loss, and declaring that nothing in the world but the most urgent demands for his presence elsewhere could force him to give up the companionship of his loved scholars and neighbors. For a long time afterward it was a mooted question among the villagers whether the young teacher had been poking fun at them. Ever since that time Mr. Cox has been a warm friend of the teachers, helping them publicly and privately whenever the opportunity offered.

Every one knows that Mayor Hewitt earned, by teaching, the money paid for his first trip to Europe. He partly supported himself while at college by "coaching" other young men, and he proudly tells, in the Congressional Directory, of his labors at teaching. The mayor, like Speaker Carlisle, is fond of attending teachers' conventions and school commencements to this day.

Senator Ingalls, the republican leader and president of the United States Senate, has presided on the school house rostrum. After being graduated at Harvard College, he went to Kansas, expecting that his Massachusetts culture might be at once coined into dollars. It was slow work, so Mr. Ingalls resorted to teaching until he could earn a subsistence by the practice of the law. He taught with great success, and at this period acquired the distinct articulation and forcible utterance which have since made him the first orator in the Senate.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, taught for some years before he entered college. Ex-Senator Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, was a teacher when the civil war broke out. Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, taught a school before entering politics. Ex-Senator Camden, of West Virginia, earned in the school house the dollars which laid the foundation of the millions